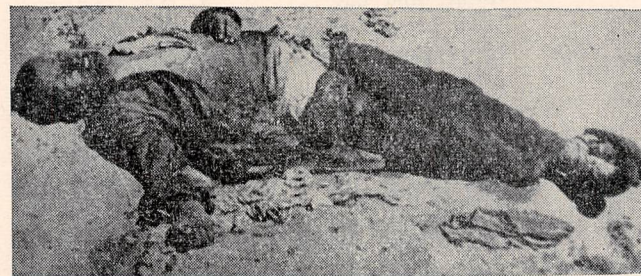


The BALTIC STATES

AMŽINĄ ATILSI VĖLĖMS NUKANKINTU, DUOK
VIEŠPATIE, PER BRANGIAUSIA KRAUJA TAVO



450 people were massacred by the Bolsheviks on June 26, '41, between 3—4 o'clock in the afternoon. The victims were mostly farmers and their sons, mere boys (see picture below). Among the slain were also several women and girls. The massacre took place in Pravieniškis, between Rumšiškis and Palemonas, 30 kilometers NE of Kaunas. The VILTIS office owns several dozen pictures showing the results of the slaughter that took place in Pravieniškis, the Rainiai Forest, Panevėžys, the Budavone forest where three priests were crucified and other places, all perpetrated by the hands of the ally of the Western Democracies. The perpetrators should now be joined with the Hitler henchmen for judgement. Detailed accounts of these massacres appeared in VILTIS in the February and June issues of this year.

WHEN CRIMES ARE NOT CRIMES

What is "Count 4" for which the brown shirted criminals were convicted?

"Count 4—Crimes against humanity; namely, extermination, enslavement, deportation or other inhumane acts against any civilian population, or persecution, political, racial or religious."

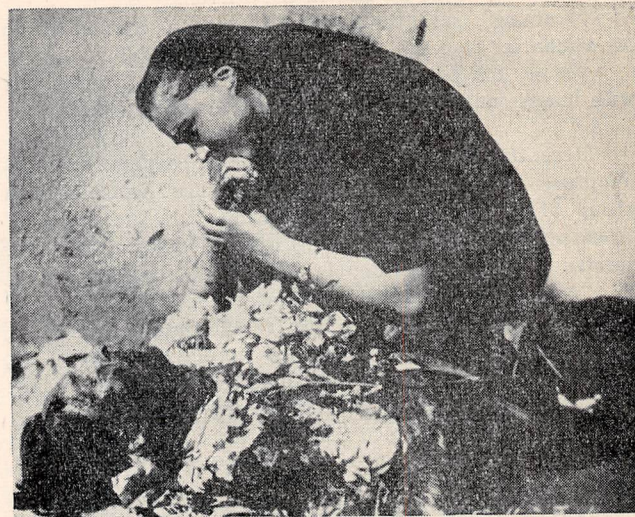
This is just what the Bolshevik Fascists are doing to the Balts and other unfortunate people of Europe. But these very same crimes are not crimes as long as they are committed by the Russ. And a Russ judge had the nerve to sit at the tribunal and pass judgement!

A "Lith" Division In The Red Army

Lithuania was the only German occupied country which did not supply a division of soldiers. It grieved the Nazis. Now, under Russian occupation, she won't supply one to the Russians. It grieves them, too. And so, they made a "Lithuanian" division and named it the "Klaipėdos (Memel) Division". All a Russian has to do to belong to that division is to learn three Lithuanian folk

songs. He is then a full-fledged Lithuanian. Easy as that. There are 300,000 Red Army soldiers in Little Lithuania. They'll probably all become Lithuanians soon. One wonders where this madness will lead.

A Modern "PIETA"



The picture shows the widow of Dr. Gudonis mourning over the mutilated body of her husband who was slain by the Bolsheviks in Panevėžys on June 26, '41. No picture can portray more graphically the great pain and sorrow Lithuania has been undergoing during the last five years of three occupations. First the Bolshevik occupation with the ruthless and brutal slaughter of the Lithuanian gentile population and the mass deportation of its people. Then the German occupation and the even more gruesome and merciless slaughter of the Lithuanian Jewish population. And finally the re-occupation by the Bolshevik forces and continued slaughter of the Lithuanians. It is estimated that out of the original 3,000,000 Lithuanians only 1,200,000 are left in that Russian occupied country. Of the missing some were slain, some deported to concentration camps in Siberia, others taken to Germany for slave while still others fled the country to escape the hell of the Russian paradise.

VILTIS Seeks Uncle Of DP Orphan

GORODECKAS, Henrikas, born 11.5.31 at Seda (Mazeikiai) Lithuania. Address: 4 Darius and Girenas Street, Seda (Mazeikiai).

His father died in 1933; Henrikas, his mother, and 2 brothers were taken to Germany, and were killed in an air raid in February, 1945.

Mrs. Gorodeckas, who was born Verute Vezauskaitė, has a brother in the U. S. A., Ignas Vezauskas, who is believed to be a banker either in New York or, more likely, in Chicago, and who was on very good terms with his sister. (Henrikas was too small a child then to remember anything about him).

Henrikas wishes to go to the U. S., study and become a doctor.

He is very nice boy, serious and very studious. We think this would be the best plan for him, and would like to trace the boy's uncle, and ask him to send an affidavit of support so that the boy can emigrate.

Any information which will help us in this respect will be greatly appreciated.

(signed) F. A. Pascual,
Chief Welfare Officer

Respond to V. F. Beliajus,
1028 E. 63rd St., Chicago 37, Ill.

FINNY'S FUNNIES

An Arkansas farmer was driving down the road with a wagon load of barnyard fertilizer. A tourist from New York chanced to stop him to inquire directions. After obtaining the information he desired, the tourist inquired of the farmer what he had in the wagon.

"Manure", said the farmer, "goin' to spread it on my rhubarb."

"Well, I'll be damned", said the tourist, "and my wife laughs at me for spreading butter on my pie."

Recently at a separation center a corporal was attempting to explain the G. I. insurance benefits to a group of future civilians. Suspecting that the array of processes was slowly drowsing off on him, the lecturer decided to adopt some double talk to see the reaction.

"Now this insurance promgates the nabulation and squinces the possibility of any casterooning. Therefore, if you decide to hampicuff or to parderize your policy, the skimptions are somewhat mispershed. So your best bet is a nackel, fellows! Are there any questions?"

"Yes", a sleepy voice from the back sounded. "Would you please explain again what a nackel is?"

Several years ago, Harvard broke off football relations with Princeton. Soon afterwards a Princeton alumni luncheon was held in a midwest city. Each guest rose and gave his name, his class, occupation, whether married or single, and number of children.

One man rose and declared himself as follows: "Smith, class of 1902, lumber broker, unmarried, two sons — both at Harvard."

Here's newspaper story we heard the other day — and it's probably as true as any newspaper yarn: A homecoming vet got a job as a reporter on a Midwestern daily. "Be brief!" the city editor kept dinning at him. "Always be brief!"

The cub sat down and wrote: "James C. Gilligan looked up the shaft at the Union Hotel today to see if the elevator was coming down. It was. Age 33."

A lady after 30 years, decided to join the church. As the deacons plunged her into the river the first time, she gasped: "I believe."

On the second, she chattered: "I believe."

A third time, gulping for air, she sputtered: "I believe."

One of the elders interposed: "You believe what, Sister?"

She eyed him savagely: "I believe you stinkers are trying to drown me."

She paints,

She powders,

She reads "True Confessions",

She drinks my liquor,

She cusses, too,

She eats lobsters at night,

She does lots of things she oughtn't,

But dammit... she's my grandmother... and I love her!

The quiet of an army doctor's office was shattered by a badly frightened soldier who gasped: "Quick, Doctor, do something! I was playing a mouth organ and swallowed it!"

"Keep calm, sir," advised the doctor. "Be thankful you were not playing the piano."

Two men were engaged in repairing telephone lines near the home of a devout spinster. At one point in the reconstruction, the spinster was shocked no little and quite some at the language she overheard one of them use. Whereupon she addressed the company in no uncertain manner. The company demanded a report from the foreman. This he gave as follows:

"Me and Bill Wright were on the job. I was up the pole and accidentally let the hot lead fall down Bill's neck. Bill looked up and replied, to wit, and viz., as follows: 'You really must be more careful, Harry.'"

NOOK of POETRY

A RUSTIC POET'S ODE TO THE AMERICAN

FOLK DANCE

Ernest Story

With a clap of the hands
And a roll of the feet,
And you see a man
Swinging his sweet;
With everybody smiling
Happy and gay;
With arms a-swinging
In rhythmic way.
A graceful bend,
A courteous bow,
Two steps forward
Then back to his Frau;
Out to the right
Then round they go,
Happy and gleeful,
Nobody slow.
With everybody happy,
Stamping their feet;
You'll know you've seen
A folk dance feat.

TO STANLEY MACHULIS

(October 24, 1895 — August 31, 1946)

Harry Tomaras

He lies still,
Ended his will,
Calmed each hand
Who dares stand
And match him,
Not be grim
Over childhood dread,
Keep wise cheer
Through all mishaps,
Bridge all gaps
Born of lack,
Rise and stack
Joy upwards high
Toward the sky,
Meet the suns
Proud with sons,
Bring his wife
Her greatest life?

DISCHARGED INNERTUBE

Burton Lawrence

Inflated donut floating free
Supporting lad who cannot swim
Such confidence you have from him!
As perching bird gives to its tree ...
Serenely riding with your swing,
All nonchalant and free from fear:
Knees, head, and elbows rising clear,
And tail dipped deep within your ring.